



THE
QUILL

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The Quill

*Queens College
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Cover by Robbie Leckie

from the quill



A NEW BIRTHRIGHT

An explosion on a Nevada desert some years ago while we were still in the *Winnie-the-Pooh* stage opened a new era of scientific miracles. The Atomic Age, the Era of Nuclear Energy, was born on that July morning in a mighty blast. The unknown could be understood; questions could now be answered; mankind would be prosperous! It was a miracle in smoke and fire and energy.

And so was born a new age before the majority of us understood much beyond the world of fairy tales in which children live. For that reason this era of miraculous power is our own particular birthright. Many generations have lived and died under the influence of some age, but how many have had the peculiar destiny to grow up *with* an age in which the impossible is now possible and the miraculous can be explained?

We might well ask, "If this Atomic Age is to be our birthright, what are our responsibilities? Can we control our destiny, or has it been established by an event which took place some twelve short years ago?" The answer is quite simple. Just as man must adapt to various environments, we must adapt our gifts to the development of a new age for the glory of God and the good of mankind. And these gifts are many.

We have been given by our Creator minds which will allow us to question, to answer, to plan, and to wonder if, and only if, we develop them. Our minds require a polish of education which must be continual, never stationary. From now until the end of our lives we are responsible for exercising this important gift, for it will be the basis of understanding in this age ahead.

We have been given by our Lord the privilege of govern-

ing ourselves, and history has warned again and again that this privilege is ours only as long as we bother to exercise it. By ignoring it we endanger not only ourselves but also others around us. Therefore, it is our duty to rely on this gift which is our protection.

We have been given by our Father love and a soul. The scientific tone of the Nuclear Age must never erase from our minds the realization that man is our brother and that the affairs of human life must take priority over the impersonal elements of scientific development. When it becomes evident that playing lightly with our birthright is endangering the mass of our brother humans, our concern must be for our brothers, for man is made in the image of God and is sacred to Him. This gift of love will give us humility in dealing with our birthright. And, above all, we must remember that we have souls which are our links with the divine, and when all of the world is in confusion as a result of this Nuclear Age, when what was is no more, and when the fear of mere man of this birthright reaches the state of panic, the gift of the soul will give us the comfort necessary for peace of mind.

It is because we are now in a position to assume the duties of our birthright that concern and responsibility have been stressed here this year. Ours is a new and awesome duty, but it is an honor to us to be chosen to be the developers of a new age. There is no room for apathy or withdrawal, and for this reason the *Quill* joins the Queens Christian Association and Student Government Association in stressing the importance of being concerned and accepting responsibility in the world in which we are a most important part.

KIT RAMSEY

ON BROTHERHOOD

This is published in the interest of Brotherhood Week, February 16-23, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

A hundred years ago, even fifty, perhaps even fifteen, to speak of World Brotherhood was, I suspect, to adorn with rhetoric what was at most a remote ideal. Today, however, it has become an insistent, demanding reality, thrust upon us whether we accept it or not by a science that has broken down the fences which had before separated the peoples of the world.

Recently a new star flashed across the skies. I wish it had been we who lighted that first new star. It disturbs me greatly, as an American, that it was not. Yet I know,

as a citizen of the world and as a member of tomorrow, that the basic issue is no longer the supremacy of nations. It is the supremacy of man for good or for evil, for survival or suicide. The significance of what has happened lies not in which nation has first reached into outer space but in the fact that man has now obliterated, for better or for worse, what we used to call time and distance.

I deny that the satellite is a portent of disaster. I think rather of John Donne's marking of the times in history that "are pregnant with those old twins, Hope and Fear." Surely this is such a time, a time not of catastrophe but of choice, not of disaster but of decision, a time when the preferment of our aspirations over our fears becomes the

duty of citizenship in civilization.

A very large part, I suspect, of the maturing of mankind to its present estate has come from adversity, or the threat of adversity. More frontiers of what we call progress have probably been crossed under the pressure of necessity than by the power of reason. Prophets have appeared all through history to proclaim an ethic, but humanity has not heeded them, and the world has wandered its way—until the hard steel of survival itself has been pulled against our too soft mouths.

Now, once again, science has forced humanity to a crossroad from which there is no turning back, no escape—and just one road that leads upward. The choice is either extinction—or the human brotherhood that has been the vision of visionaries since the beginning of time.

I deny that human fulfillment cannot keep pace with material advance. We know and must insist rather that what was heralded by the splitting of the atom, what is now proclaimed by the earth satellite, is nothing narrower than man's complete genius—not to exterminate himself, but to control himself.

What that "bleep-bleep" is saying is that now the world has no option, that it must turn from narrow nationalism, sectarianism, racialism, that the only conceivable relationship among men is one based on men's full respect—yes, their love, if you please—for each other.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

A FALSE EMPHASIS

A few weeks ago our campus was visited by that annual event bearing the name of "Christian Re-emphasis Week." Those who had a hand in planning the services and related programs did their jobs ably, and certainly all will agree that the speaker, Mr. Stair, was possessed of considerable preaching talents plus an attractive personality. It is not the purpose of this editorial to attack either the management or the content of this particular "Christian Re-emphasis Week" but to raise some questions as to the worth and fitness of such a "week" under any circumstances in a college community.

In order to appraise its worth fairly, we went to look at the purpose of "Christian Re-emphasis Week" as set down by Q. C. A. Cabinet and found that no particular purpose had been officially stated. The president did, however, provide us with a list of goals toward which she felt such a week of services moves. These were: questioning of, re-evaluation of, and, finally, re-dedication to one's religion or faith. It is the feeling of some concerned individuals that the attainment of such profound goals can only come about through countless very profound experiences of worship and that a week of sermons and group discussions has little or no relationship to such worship experiences; that one may become too used to leaning on the crutches of sermons, chapels, special days, and special weeks, failing to trust his own personal convictions or to develop a free, unmediated relationship with the God whom he claims to follow. Such a relationship is supposed to be the essence of Protestant Christianity, and yet the very idea of a particular week of religious emphasis facilitates an old childhood conception that there is a proper time and occasion for worship, proper because there is a preacher here, not because we feel in a worshipful mood; proper because we are in a chapel, not because we feel a divine presence. Now one would be very unrealistic if he denied the necessity and effectiveness of *aids* to worship; but he would be equally blind if he did not see the spiritual inertia which

envelops a community when such aids become an end rather than a means.

If one were able to justify the existence of a Christian Re-emphasis Week on the grounds that it is for some a sort of aid to worship, he should still be obliged to look with critical eye at some of the week's more specific characteristics. One objection might be raised over the fact that only one speaker is heard. Thus, there is a very real danger that the success of the week, of the cause of religion, or whatever one wishes to call it, depends too much upon the personality and theology of one man. It is a very rare man whose message can fill the need of all students so that even a majority would be moved to some sort of re-dedicatory experience. To call in a man to give a series of talks on the teachings of Christianity is a reasonable request, but to call him in to conduct, in one small week, a re-emphasis of religion is asking a little too much.

A second objection which some would voice is that the spiritual activities of the "week," excepting the communion service, are rather unvaried, as if there were only one way by which the human soul is reached, that is, via sermons and discussion groups, or at least that these must constitute the *best* way. Dr. James Jones, formerly of Charlotte ministerial fame, recently remarked that all too often the church becomes "an academy where people come to discuss God." There is not anything wrong with discussing God, of course, but such endeavors should not be labeled "the church." In like manner, sermons and discussions can be interesting and inspiring, but they are only embellishments to one's real religion: the attitudes of humility, kindness, confidence, and so on and on, which grow out of everyday experiences with people and which inspire in one the desire to worship.

This brings us back to the original fallacy in the Christian Re-emphasis Week idea, and that is that such a week represents and offers an unusually lofty type of spiritual experience, that such a week should be the apex of a student's religious enlightenment for that year. One week, arbitrarily picked out, cannot be these things, and it is very bad if either leaders or students expect it to be. If the week is an aid, and not a crutch, then it should be maintained. *But* with this realization: personal religion and dedication are extremely intangible and individual in nature; therefore, one must regard any human plan or formula for the mass production of such intangibles as highly limited, if not totally unsound.

SUSAN SHARPE

CHALLENGE

We have made technological advancements supposedly for the purpose of making life better. We now have the atomic bomb with energy to furnish electricity for a city or with energy to annihilate miles of property. We now have jet airliners to carry businessmen quickly to their destinations or to carry bombs quickly to their targets.

Civilization is at a crossroad. Shall we use our atomic bombs to light a city or to destroy lands? Shall we use our jet airliners to carry passengers to their peaceful destinations or to carry bombs to their war targets?

We, the young men and women, shortly will have the responsibility and power to choose how we will use our advanced technological products. How will we use them? What choices will we have in our decisions? We are young. We have not placed the world in the situation in which we now find it. But we can and must move forward to other and better situations.

We are two children facing each other and holding armloads of rocks. We are two belligerent children unable to communicate fully with each other as to the purpose of our holding the rocks. Through misunderstandings and disagreements we are separated. We do not know what the other will do with his rocks. One must make the first move toward achieving compatibility. Who will risk putting down his rocks and turning his back to be attacked? Neither will, of course. Therefore, another way must be found to reach understanding. Another way can be found. Each can throw away his rocks gradually. The rocks of future violence can be diminished slowly and carefully in order to avert violence. We must find the way—not through blind sacrifice, but through mutual example, observation, and trust—to throw down our rocks gradually, each in full sight of the other, each with a complete knowledge and understanding of what the other is doing.

Although the method is plain enough idealistically, practically it seems lost in a chaos of bitterness, tension, misunderstanding. The day when the two children will begin to diminish their rockpiles seems far in the future. But the way is there practically. And we the young ones must find it. When will we?

MARY B. YARBOROUGH

A STUDENT'S SONG WITH A REPLY

Dear Archie:

Seeing that our friendship has been on the rocks for the last few weeks, I hope I am not being too forward in writing you. But you are the only friend I've got who can understand me. Nobody at school does anyway. This is the problem. Last week I was talking to a colony of friends, ants, after school. They are a terribly ambitious lot, and I admire their industry at a distance. But, like you said in your first reincarnation, you can't expect everybody to give up ale just because you do. My friends would rather work than go to plays and musicals, and they don't object to the school's policy that nobody can stay out late except for approved shows. And, Archie, they are a strong party. But with your help I will fight:

I'll fill my pen and rise in battle
And see *Damn Yankees* twice.
And all will die before Mehitabel
Will relinquish vice.

In iambic pentameter I'll write my woes
And finish them with rhyme
And throw the lot to all my foes
Who'll disappear in time.

My talent lies in prose and not in poetry, Archie, but I admire all your work and believe you could be a strong voice in the cry against oppression. Your power is unlimited, and the season's only half over.

The crusading cat,
Mehitabel

dear mehitabel

wotthell things are bad all over write in the same
vein if you like mores utopia made him famous even
though he lost his head and what is a head when prin-
ciple is at stake

archie

SHARLENE MORRIS

QUEENS

STUDENTS'

INTERESTS

You may not always see much evidence of it, but apparently Queens students are interested in thinking about and discussing current topics. A yardstick measuring student interests has been obtained from the results of a recent study conducted by Student Government Association and experimental psychology students. This study could not have been made without the cooperation of 268 students who filled out questionnaires at a student assembly.

After tabulating preferences, figuring percentages, and otherwise juggling figures, the psychologists arrived at the scales presented with this article.* If the scale for your class does not agree with your own preferences, be assured that within the four classes there was a wide variety of opinion. Each scale represents a kind of *collective* set of opinions, based on the average preferences of the classes.

The amazing thing about these scales is that you can tell a great deal more than merely the order in which discussion topics are preferred. You can tell just how much more any particular topic is preferred than any other one. Thus our scales give us a measure of the relative intensity of interest in these various topics.

To read the scales, you need to know that the most preferred topic was arbitrarily set at 100 and the least preferred at 0. The other topics were placed on the scale according to the intensity with which they were preferred relative to the top and bottom figures. The five scales have been standardized so that they may be compared with one another.

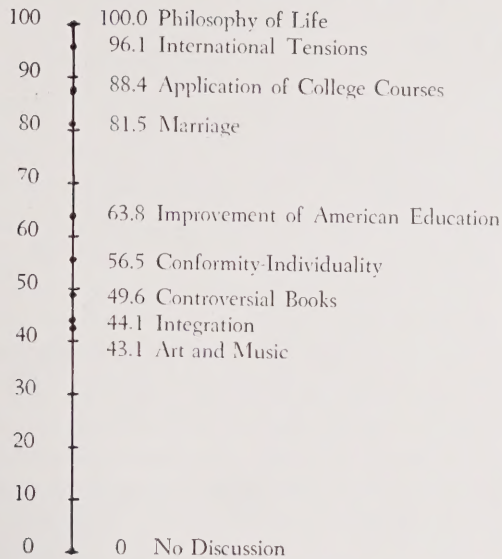
The most interesting discovery of all is that Queens students show a great deal more intensity of interest in discussing any of the topics suggested than in having no discussion at all. Furthermore, students are in greater agreement that they would like to discuss *something* than they are about what the topic should be.

The complete topics as given in the questionnaire were:

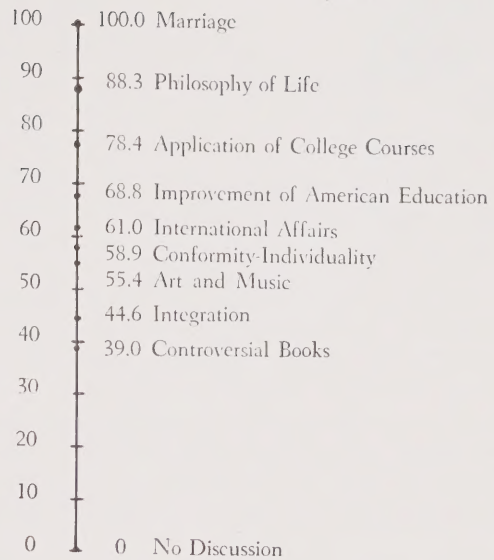
1. The Problem of School Integration
2. Ways of Improving American Education
3. How I Can Be a Cooperating Member of Society and Still Keep My Individuality
4. How I Can Make What I Learn in College Courses Apply to the Problems of Living in Today's World
5. Making a Success of Marriage
6. Ways in Which Art and Music Can Enrich My Life
7. Ways of Relieving International Tensions and Eliminating War
8. Developing a Satisfactory Philosophy of Life and Relating It to the Problems of the Modern World
9. Controversial Books Written in the Last 25 Years
10. I Would Rather Not Take Part in a Discussion Group.

*The psychometric scaling method of paired comparisons was used.

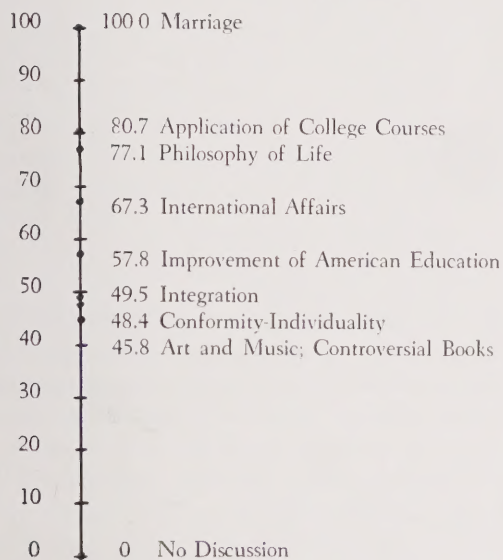
Senior



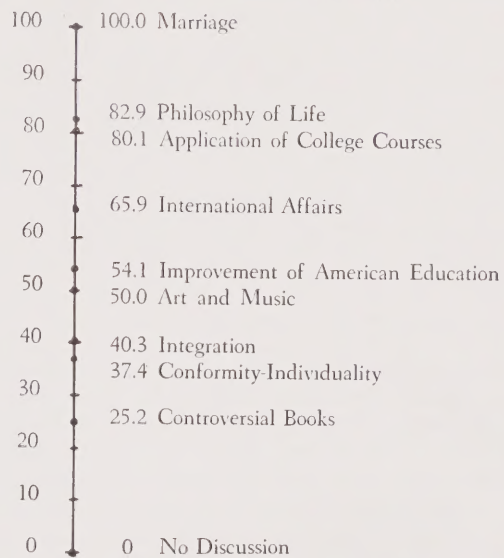
Junior



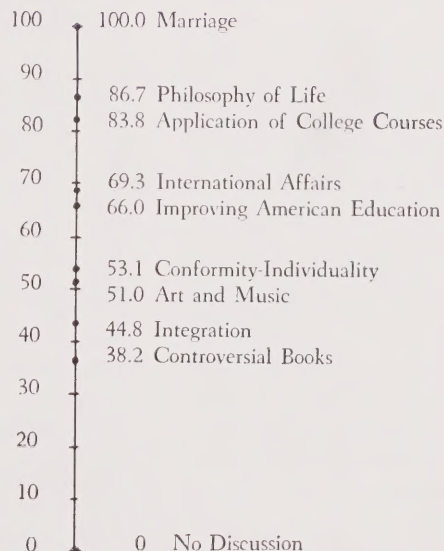
Sophomore



Freshman



Total Students Tested



(QUEENS STUDENTS' INTERESTS)

(The Quill would like to thank Jane Kluttz, Lynn Brown, other members of the psychology department, and especially Dr. Stevens for compiling these results of the student poll.)

Think

GLORIA GRIFFITH

RECALL the activities of the past day—the class discussions, the research for a term paper, the informal debates with your colleagues at the dinner table. In all of these situations how many times did you actually offer an idea or a solution that was, in reality, your own? How many times did you rehash the comments of your professor, the opinion of your favorite radio commentator, or the viewpoint expressed on the editorial page of the morning newspaper?

Not many students at Queens can honestly admit that this independent process called *thinking* is correlated with their academic work or even their student activities. Too often rote memorization is the criterion for a superior grade in a course and agreeing with the majority the basis for prestige in an organization. Classes which do not impress the student with the need to think and activities which are based on the law of the hierarchy are useless to the student.

This stagnant situation is not peculiar to Queens; it is characteristic of many men and women, boys and girls, the city, state, and country, all who do not dare to be different by thinking. They accept the thoughts of others without weighing and shifting to find the hidden, often distorted, truth. The United States, the dominant power of the free world, is performing a vital part in the management of world affairs; yet she, too, is caught up by this inertia, this blind acceptance of the thoughts of others.

Thinking is an active, not a passive process.

In a broader scope the world is frightened by an abyss of threats of an atomic war and possibly a limited future. The blackest newspaper headlines proclaim the next step man has made toward bigger and better hydrogen bombs, more destructive missiles and satellites, and a possible trip to the moon. To the masses, who do not think and use their potentials as individuals, this news of modern gadgets to harness the newly discovered forces of nature is accepted with blind assurance that what will be will be. Among the group of those who follow the crowd there must be those who will realize that the only way to freedom is through the thoughts of man.

Thinking is an independent process.

After reading one article in a magazine or newspaper, the masses accept the idea as the whole truth. That is, they accept it until another more powerful speaker stirs them to shift from one side to an entirely opposite viewpoint. Never are they, as Emerson phrases it, *Man Thinking*, man searching for facts amid appearances, forming new ideas to correct old news. In order to realize the full potential of thinking, man must look for direction within himself, not to the sign on the subway which advises him to take that vacation and pay the bill later. He must look not only to the radio or television commentator who has only revised the thoughts of another or to the average neighbor who has read one article in a newspaper and formed no opinion of his own. Man must search his own mind and thoughts and after inquiry formulate ideas of his own.

Thinking is hard work.

8—THE QUILL

To think is to be courageous, to be different. Every major power in the world is carrying on extensive research toward the development of a force which will allow it to manipulate the puppet strings on which the affairs of the world hang. Much money is appropriated for the study of science, mathematics, and engineering. How much of the nation's budget is designated as that with which to assist the masses in developing individuality, in creating a country where man can realize that justice, humanity, brotherhood, understanding, and compassion will ease the problems of the frightened world?

Think of the magnitude of the power that would be in the hands of the country which was the first to wake up to the idea that much development toward peace lies in the field of psychology and sociology. The human mind is the most powerful force. It is more powerful than the missile or the bomb or the rocket. The kind of mass thinking in which each individual thinks for himself and contributes his efforts of research based on free inquiry is a far more impressive conquest than the conquest of the science field.

Thinking takes courage.

Peace is a blessed word to the ears of the weary world today; however, peace is not impossible for the nation which realizes that the harnessing of outer space is not the only contemplation of today, but that the trend toward independent actions based on independent thinking will rise above the tendency to silence such thought. It is not more missiles and rockets that the world needs, but it is more thinkers, more people who have vision to see the world and its needs not only in terms of self-centered standards, in terms of the present, but in the terms of the future—a future where superstition and stereotyped opinions are choked out by the commencement of individual thinking.

Thinking presents a challenge.

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"Be sure to see moonlight on the Seine," they said, so I wrote it in my little book, which went into the corner of the already crowded suitcase—one of two bright red canvas ones that were said to be just the thing for the independent traveler. When we set out—alone among seven hundred other students—we little knew what Europe would be. It was supposed to be exciting, and the service project that we were to engage in promised to be broadening. But the magazine articles had not prepared us for the reality: the pages were splashed in gay colors, written for the American tourist, who carries a chic wardrobe of drip-dry dresses and make-up in plastic containers. We carried our drip-dries, but often the cold water and weather hindered both washing and drying! We considered our wardrobes meager necessities, but at times they made us feel conspicuously rich, and my red suitcase became my distinguishing American label (and this was a very bad thing!). We could have done more justice to the title of vagabonds than tourists; yet we were Americans—a responsibility at times humorous, embarrassing, and always inescapable. The experience that the summer became was more than we bargained for; it was both exciting and broadening beyond measure.

We set out like all travelers—excited, eager, and with the usual limitations: we had few weeks, many travel tips, and a language barrier already recognizable (little did we know!). We had chosen as our *raison de voyager* participation in an ecumenical study group of the World Council of Churches. On shipboard were fifty others with a similar purpose. We expected everything, knew nothing; and suddenly we were there—too late to read more books on Europe, as if they could have helped!

There are many ways of seeing Europe. Our way placed us in the midst of European students; while we were free from conferences, our finances necessitated travel with the European people. So despite our inability to speak languages, we found ourselves a part of what we had come to see: we saw everything—on foot, with maps in hand, and with hands constantly asking direction in the language that is universal. Our efforts at communication brought friends, out of sympathy, curiosity, and genuine interest; and we began to know Europe. Perhaps others understood America better also. In the German hostels youth stared: we carried suitcases instead of knapsacks! The French stared: our bathing suits were unusually conservative! And the Dutch stared at our loud American colors. But we ate bread and cheese with the Germans, played volleyball with the French, and divulged cruelty jokes to the Dutch. And all the while we were asked: What is American education like? What of the

Church in America? What is dating? And we asked: Will Europe be unified? What is the future of France? Does the World Council of Churches offer concrete possibilities to the world?

What we found was not different from what others have discovered, but the experience was our own and therefore important to us. Much is to be said concerning the different approaches to Europe: for the first trip tours are valuable in their scope; for participation in understanding, the exchange programs and work camps are irreplaceable. In our experience with the seminar we found that travel in the context of ecumenical study was given perspective.

Certainly Europe offers itself as an adventure to persons with every kind of motive; but there are surface and hidden meanings. The student, I believe, has the capacity, background, and responsibility to explore both. In our few weeks on the Continent we were able to gather only impressions, not all of them completely reliable, I am sure. Nevertheless, the important thing was the certainty of their imprint on our minds: cities became more than sights and sounds; we found ourselves seeking the reasons behind European life, and many times we simply enjoyed its fact. It will be as impossible to forget the basic vitality of the English as the enduring qualities of the city of London; we will remember the perseverance of the German people as well as the ruins which they are rebuilding; and the enthusiasm of the French will be a more lasting impression than the Eiffel Tower!

Europe is a place where important events are taking place and, interestingly enough, where people are as concerned as we (or more so!) about surviving the world situation. There is a significant move toward unity in the Common Market and Euratom projects; there is indecision concerning religion; there is artistic and scientific advancement. The land is tired of war but unavoidably in the midst of an explosive situation. And everyone watches America, commenting positively or negatively, but emphatically. In this context, it is essential that the American student enter Europe as a "more than tourist"—for her own benefit and for the benefit of the contacts that she makes. Europeans must know what Americans are made of—how they think, feel, and act. And the experience in reverse makes the American student in Europe much richer in understanding and sheer enjoyment.

The temptation of tourism is to view the country from without. To answer the temptation is to deprive one's self and to confirm the false concept of Americans spread by

(Continued on page 20)

THE IMPERFECT SCHWEITZER

BY SYLVIA MCKENZIE

FOR OVER FORTY years, Albert Schweitzer, missionary doctor to Lambaréné, a small village in Equatorial Africa, has been acclaimed and lauded as one of the greatest men the world has ever known. A Doctor of Philosophy, Music, Theology, and Medicine and author of many books in these fields, he has been called the most gifted genius of our age. Hundreds of thousands of people all over the world consider him to be one of the foremost spiritual and ethical figures of our time. He has been called a modern saint, and for some he is without a doubt the greatest man alive. Albert Einstein once said of Schweitzer, "There in this sorry world of ours is a great man."

There are, however, those with a different opinion concerning Albert Schweitzer. Some think he is not a great man who sacrificed much in order to serve his fellowman but that he is a man suffering from guilt, trying to make amends for some secret sin. Samuel Rosenberg, photographer for *Look Magazine*, recently returned from Lambaréné, where he photographed Schweitzer. He says that he sees guilt in the face of this supposedly great man. Rosenberg also has a theory that Schweitzer, realizing he could never perfect his talent or live up to expectations others had for him, left Europe with the intention of giving the appearance of sacrifice. Rosenberg claims that he is not alone in this opinion of Dr. Schweitzer. There are, according to him, other photographers and writers who have been similarly impressed by an expression of guilt on the face of the great Schweitzer. Rosenberg goes further and, in a rather crude manner of expression, calls Dr. Schweitzer "a big phony" who is covering up his guilt by "putting band-aids on niggers."

Such statements about a man as revered and honored as Dr. Schweitzer evoke astonishment and outrage. It seems almost blasphemous to consider that the ulterior motives of such a man are not entirely honorable. Is there cause for guilt in his life? What is the truth behind Albert Schweitzer and his many years spent in the African jungle? Is he really great as the world has believed him to be or is he, perhaps, a fake as Rosenberg seems to believe? Perhaps there is some clue in the record of his childhood and youth which will help shed light on the real Albert Schweitzer.

Dr. Schweitzer was born on January 14, 1875, at Kayersberg, in Upper Alsace, the eldest son of his minister father. Later the family moved to Gunsbach in the Munster Valley, where their permanent home was established. Since his father was the pastor in Gunsbach, Albert was sent to school with the village boys. During these schooldays Albert was constantly being reminded by his classmates that he, being the minister's son, was "a sprig 'a gentry." The fact that they felt him superior to them caused great concern in young Albert. He wanted above everything else to be like them in all ways. He resented his warm broth at home when he knew his friends had none; he refused to wear his winter coat; he cut the fingers from his gloves in order to seem more like his poor, shabby friends. Here, it seems, is evidence of guilt in Schweitzer's life even during

his early years. He felt guilty because he possessed more material possessions than did most of his friends. It is said that he found satisfaction, however, in seeing that some of his schoolmates surpassed him in doing their schoolwork successfully. Thus he had a sense of real respect for them. These early years of his life were happy years. And perhaps now he feels guilty for having been blessed with happiness when there was, and is, much misery in the world.

During this happy childhood Schweitzer's only sign of precocity was in music; this was believed inherited. His other talents grew through industry. He struggled with his schoolwork as most boys do, and he says that it was very difficult for him to learn to read and write and that the classics and mathematics gave him a great deal of trouble. His chief interests were history and natural science.

Schweitzer was greatly influenced by the many religious services he attended as a youth. He says:

From the services in which I joined as a child I have taken with me into life a feeling for what is solemn, and a need for quiet and self-recollection, without which I cannot realize the meaning of my life.

He was serious-minded but so prone to laugh at funny things that his classmates nicknamed him "the laughter." He tells us, however, that he was underneath that laughter terribly shy and reserved. Here is a small deception. If he, as a boy, deceived his friends as to what he was, would he deceive the world as to his motives for going to Africa?

Schweitzer had excellent health, and he gained early a sense of duty toward himself and his fellowmen. This sense of duty is, perhaps, best expressed in his own words:

As an experience, happiness joined itself to that other one which had accompanied me from my childhood up; I mean deep sympathy with the pain which prevails in the world around us . . . It became steadily clearer to me that I had not the inward right to take as a matter of course my happy youth, my good health and my power of work . . . Whoever is spared personal pain must feel himself called to help in diminishing the pain of others. We must all carry our share of the misery which lies upon the world.

Out of this grew his sense of responsibility toward life and gratitude for his own good fortune. He reproaches himself for "youthful thoughtlessness which takes its benefits for granted" and has tried since youth to express gratitude openly as often as he has opportunity to do so. Here again is, in a sense, a feeling of guilt. He wants to make amends for what he did as a youth. Perhaps every man, however, is guilty of this.

Schweitzer was eighteen when he entered Strasburg University. There he studied theology and philosophy. Upon completion of his courses there, he was awarded a traveling scholarship which allowed him to study in Berlin and Paris. While Schweitzer was in Paris, C. M. Widor, a famed

organist and music writer, accepted him as an organ pupil, and Albert began his most intensive study of the organ. These years filled with study and learning were wonderful years for Albert. He thoroughly enjoyed deep thinking and probing into the works of great minds. Life was good, and the future was promising. In 1896, however, at the age of twenty-one, the realization came to him that his life was not his to do with as he pleased. He felt he had a duty toward humanity. With this in his mind, he resolved to continue studying science and art until he was thirty and then to give himself completely to the service of mankind.

During this period he continued his study of philosophy. In 1899 his doctorate thesis on Kant was published, and he received his degree, Doctor of Philosophy. Thus at the age of twenty-four Albert Schweitzer was a Doctor of Philosophy, the author of a volume on Kant, and an organist whose ability was soon to offer him a career as a concert artist. In 1900 he received his theological degree, Doctor of Theology, *magna cum laude*. His intention was to be a minister and to use his music and philosophy as an aid in his chosen vocation.

As would be imagined, Schweitzer's career as a minister was a very successful one. He continued to study music, philosophy, and theology throughout his ministry, but he put his studies aside every time it seemed that they might interfere with his ministerial duties. Time and time again the idea of giving himself wholly to music flared in his mind, but he would not give in to it. He did not believe himself capable of creativity in music. Here, it seems, is evidence for part of Rosenberg's theory on Schweitzer's "sacrifice" of a brilliant musical career. Perhaps Schweitzer did realize that he could never be the famous musician many persons would expect him to be if he gave himself wholly to music.

He became principal at St. Thomas College only to resign in 1905 to begin preparing himself for service to humanity. A storm of criticism and protest met him. Even his closest friends and family felt that he would be burying the talents that God had given him. Some wondered if he was disappointed in the public recognition he had received or if, perhaps, he had been disappointed in love. Even in 1905 there were persons who doubted the sincerity of his motives. It was to the great dismay of his friends that he was going to be a medical missionary! Medicine was a field in which he had had no training, and there would be years of hard study.

As he began his study of medicine in October of 1905, he continued to give concerts and resolved to finish his book on Bach before leaving Europe. He went without sleep and food in order to meet the goals he had set for himself. In 1911 he passed his final medical examination, and six months later he married Helen Bresslau. She, like Schweitzer, had felt that her life was not her own and that she was obligated to God and her fellowmen. An educated, thoughtful woman, she was five years younger than Albert and had a certificate in medicine. In 1912 they were ready for Africa.

Schweitzer had read about the natives of Africa and how they suffered from the diseases the white men had brought into their country. The ignorant natives did not know how to take care of themselves, and Europeans selfishly kept the advances of medical science to themselves. His heart went out to those poor, suffering folk. Here again is evidence of his great sense of duty toward his fellowmen.

The first few years in Lambaréné were filled with extremely hard work for Schweitzer and his wife. The war and poor health sent them home for seven years, but in 1924 he was able to return. Mme. Schweitzer was unable

to accompany him because of her health and their new baby daughter. The hospital and other buildings had to be rebuilt, but Dr. Schweitzer and his helpers lost no time. As the number of patients increased, further enlargements were necessary; and by 1927, when he left again for Europe, new hospital wards and new staff quarters had been completed. His work was beginning to be successful, and from now on all but a few of his years would be lived in Equatorial Africa.

Dr. Schweitzer has felt himself bound to help those who are less fortunate than he. He had no particular interest in Africa or in the Africans. His concern was that there in that country men were suffering and dying from neglect and disease. He did not leave Europe saying that he wanted to save the souls of the Africans or even to heal the bodies of the Africans. He went "to do his part in atoning for the Western world's treatment of the natives of the most ruthlessly exploited continent in the world." He is in Africa because of the motive of "an inner compulsion to satisfy his own personal sense of what life demands from him." He is there because he feels it his duty to help relieve the misery and suffering that he has, in a sense, been responsible for. Neither praise nor acclamation are given for work that is duty. Perhaps the praise he receives for what he considers to be duty creates a feeling of guilt. Photographers, interviewers, and the praise of the world could create guilt within him as he realizes that he did not come to Africa to do what he wanted to do but what he felt he ought to do. It was not without misgivings that he gave up his musical career, whatever it might have been, and the teaching work that he loved. Worst of all, being an independent type of person, he hated to cut off his financial income, but he had a resolution to keep. He counted the cost very carefully before he left Europe that first time. Possibly the outcome of his decision, so different from what he expected it to be, has created in him a sense of guilt.

The tremendous work Dr. Schweitzer does in his jungle village of Lambaréné is not made less great because of his original motive for going there. He has given Lambaréné his life, and in 1953 when he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, he quietly announced that all the money would be used to improve the hospital there. As years have passed, Lambaréné has truly become home for him, and he is not happy away from it. It seems that he does now serve these people out of interest and love rather than obligation. The fame that has come to Dr. Schweitzer through the years means nothing to him. He would be thrilled if some of his ideas on reverence and duty toward life were making their way into men's minds, but he cares nothing for personal acclaim.

Is there guilt in this man Schweitzer? Being human, he cannot have broken completely away from selfishness; he sometimes becomes tired and discouraged. He has admitted that at the time of his decision and at his departure for Africa his motive was mainly to satisfy his own need to use his life in a valuable way. He had no vision of the fame that would be his. Surely there is sin in the life of this man, and when there is sin there is usually guilt. He has not called himself a saint; he would not say that he is the greatest man in the world. He has not put himself on a pedestal—that is the world's doing. He is only a man, and because he is, he doubtlessly has sin and guilt.

There is no way by which a true decision can be reached as to the honesty of Schweitzer. No man would say that the work he does in Lambaréné is not good. Who is worthy to

(Continued on page 14)

Browsing . . .

Reviews in Brief

A Teacher's View of Iran

James Cozzens' latest novel, *By Love Possessed*, is a compelling story of the changes that occur in a man's life from the events and revelations of a single day. When Cozzens' hero, the attorney Arthur Winter, becomes involved in a case concerning an unmarried girl who is pregnant and her boy friend, he finds that many of the skeletons that have lain hidden for years suddenly emerge to threaten his whole concept of his relation to his home, his law firm, and his friends. The novel is not sensational; it is a careful, logical analysis of the effect that circumstances can have on a man's philosophy.

Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing. is Robert Paul Smith's answer to the smug adults who have forgotten what it was like to be a child and to the children of today who have never learned how. Even though Smith stole wood and other things of interest to boys and called it snitching, read cheap books on the sly, and smoked rabbit tobacco and anything else that would burn, he feels that he went about being a child in the proper manner. As a child he knew that any adult was his natural enemy and held policemen, teachers, and most particularly parents in scorn. And his own experience led him to pooh-pooh the modern idea that parents and their offspring can be pals and teachers and students, friends. One of the funniest of the I-remember-when books, it is one not to be missed.

Richard Armour does not hold England's greatest poet sacred; in fact, he strips him of all dignity and jeers him throughout the 152 pages of *Twisted Tales From Shakespeare*. It is startling to see the poet divested of his deity; it makes the comedy all the more riotous.

Alarms and Diversions, a collection from James Thurber's work of the last twenty years, includes his stories in pictures, some of the fairy tales and parables, a few light essays and stories, and a group from his serious writings. To those who know Thurber, it is enough to say that *Alarms and Diversions* is Thurber. To those who do not, one should say that the collection shows the compassion and perception typical of the author even in his most satirical moments.

On Poetry and Poets by T. S. Eliot contains sixteen of the Nobel Prize winner's essays. Among them are especially stimulating studies of these topics: "The Social Function of Poetry," "What is a Classic?" and "Goethe as the Sage." The great store of learning that is evident in his poetry is plain in his prose, but his prose, unlike his poetry, is never enigmatic. Certainly the ideas of a poet as significant as Eliot are important to the student of literature. This is a good volume to own.

Irwin, Pollock: *A Tar Heel In Iran*. The Heritage House, Charlotte, 1957, 104 pp., \$2.75. Illustrated.

The efforts of two North Carolina school teachers are united in the slim volume of essays, *A Tar Heel in Iran*. The author, Pollock Irwin, is a teacher in the secondary schools of Wilmington and New Hanover County; and the artist, Helen Ann Wall, is a teacher in the Charlotte public school system, a free-lance artist, and a recipient of a Ford Foundation Fellowship. As illustrator of Irwin's book, she does a noteworthy job.

Writing from the experiences that he had as a teacher in Iran for three years, Mr. Irwin describes with sensitivity and clear-sightedness a country which he found to be different from his own. The rituals of the several religious groups, the subordinate place of women and their resignation to it, the crowded open-air markets, the bargaining between the shoppers and the merchants, the lepers in their village—these and other new experiences and sights made a strong impact on the author. Although he bore a kindness as well as a fascination toward the people and their country, he found that he could never reach more than superficial understanding of their world:

"For some reason, perhaps because of the great differences in our religious beliefs, I never felt that I really knew the people of Iran. Nor did they understand us. I taught their sons. I was a customer in their shops, and was entertained in their homes. I walked with them on their kheabans (promenade avenues), and spent many happy hours with them in their gardens, I frequented the shops in their company, and they accepted invitations to tea. Yet there was always that feeling of a certain lack of understanding between us."

Partly because it is a land in transition, Iran was unfathomable to the author. Western influences, he discovered, were beginning to supersede old Eastern customs and not with the effect of improving the country. The politeness that provoked people to say "All I have is yours" and "Come and be my guest" was giving way to the informality and loudness of Western conviviality. And while the charm and quaintness of the East were disappearing, the advances made by Western man were not accompanying them. Unsanitary conditions were widespread. The Moslems, having learned from the writings of Mohammed that running water is clean, could not be convinced that the water from streams could be unsafe even though animals drank from it and women washed clothes in it. And almost as completely as they rejected sanitation measures, they disregarded the use of machinery in farming.

SHARLENE MORRIS

A Tar Heel in Iran is never didactic although the opportunity to be so is not lacking. Irwin is one of those writers who delight their readers by not passing judgment because it would be out of character for them to do so. The Iranians did not use tractors because they did not choose to use tractors. And it is the author's attitude toward the things he saw and his ability to observe that make his book interesting and worthwhile, not his style.

SHARLENE MORRIS

North Carolina Mountains Charmingly Portrayed

Parris, John: *My Mountains, My People*, The Citizen-Times Publishing Company, Asheville, 1957, 259 pp.

John Parris, author of *My Mountains, My People*, has for a number of years written for the *Asheville Citizen* and the *Asheville Citizen Times*, and he has done much research on the folk lore and the people of western North Carolina. He has a conversational, tall-tale method of expressing his version of the mountain atmosphere. The style is charming and capable of holding the reader's interest over a long period of time; it is something you can pick up once a day for half an hour.

The book itself is not a connected story in the popular sense but a series of short editorials about actual people, places, events in the past and present. Yet the main characters are ones you will never forget. The flamboyant trees win your respectful friendship; the cradle with its walnut rockers promotes a nostalgic longing for the past; and the people—staunchly opinionated, hearty, and with a slow, deep, but ever-present sense of humor—will be your friends. Most of them lived in the era (or in the influence of it) when one made necessities by hand or did without them. And, as you read, it is hard to keep from wondering if the simple days of homespun clothes, handmade shoes, corn shuckings, and square dances weren't the slightest bit superior to our supermarkets, movies, and night clubs.

The setting is continuous in that you always know where you are. John Parris paints vivid, rough-hewn pictures of little country towns and settlements while giving them the same background of wildly beautiful mountains and independent, freedom-loving people. He never leaves his reader groping blindly for some clue to his location; for, although the towns Mr. Parris writes about may have perfectly strange names, you are able to receive a practical blueprint of them in your mind's eye; and I am certain I would recognize many of them were I to drive through.

If you read *My Mountains, My People* once, you will read it again—and again; for, in addition to being beautifully written, it contains much history and tradition and much old-fashioned wisdom. This book is a feather in the cap of North Carolina if only because of the beauty it unfolds for the vacation-minded; the wind blowing off the Balsams will claim its share of readers to the North Carolina mountains.

RAY WALKER

Soliloquy

ALITA WHITE

Of Nature's many tricks on man,
His mind must be her worst,
For every part of that great plan
Involves his thought. And curst
Must be his very first,
For he can never plumb the deep,
May little realize
What grows within his mind to reap,
To reap before he dies.

Within the reaches of his brain
His consciousness defies
Description of his thoughts. Vain
World, can you not devise
Some means to hush his sighs,
Some words to make him understand?
Or has the vastness of the world
Not made his heart his hand,
Not one dear thought unfurled?

A welter of unordered thought
The mortal mind may heap
Upon itself, but all for naught—
No reason found to keep,
No semblance of a leap
From this morass. A man retrieves
No wit, no depth, no heart
From thoughts of worth which he believes
Of his own mind a part.

What lies there dormant, waiting spring
Of chance to give rebirth?
(What melancholy feelings bring—
No hate, no love, no mirth,
But dreams that are of worth?)
Domains are conquered, wars are won
By stirring seed in rain
Of thought before the warming sun
Within the forest brain!

Then man must ask the question—banned
From voice among the versed:
"What is true understanding, and
How grew it from the first?"
By years allotted, nursed,
A flitting ghost to taunt both day
And night, and then he sighs
To hear its hurried passing away,
Its echo as it dies.

The Imperfect Schweitzer

(Continued from page 11)

judge him? If a sense of guilt can inspire or drive a man to spend his life as has Albert Schweitzer, then it seems that there is a great need for guilty people. The world could well use a few more Schweitzers, be they saintly or fake.

The ethic of reverence for life constrains all, in whatever walk of life they may find themselves, to busy themselves intimately with all the human and vital processes which are being played out around them, and to give themselves as men to the man who needs human help and sympathy. It does not allow the scholar to live for his science alone, even if he is very useful to the community in so doing. It does not permit the artist to exist only for his art, even if he gives inspiration to many by its means. It refuses to let the business man imagine that he fulfils all legitimate demands in the course of his business activities. It demands from all that they should sacrifice a portion of their lives for others. In what way and in what measure this is his duty, this everyone must decide on the basis of the thoughts which arise in himself, and the circumstances which attend the course of his own life. The self-sacrifice of one may not be particularly in evidence. He carries it out simply by continuing his normal life. Another is called to some striking self-surrender which obliges him to set on one side all regard for his own progress. Let no one measure himself by his conclusions respecting someone else. The destiny of men has to fulfil itself in a thousand ways, so

that goodness may be actualized. What every individual has to contribute remains his own secret. But we must all mutually share in the knowledge that our existence only attains its true value when we have experienced in ourselves the truth of the declaration: He who loses his life shall find it.

These are the words of Dr. Schweitzer. He sees suffering humanity as it longs for hope. He believes that mankind must think seriously about the problems of the world; this to him, is not merely noble, but necessary.

As we look at Schweitzer, tired and worn from his work with natives who harden his patience and challenge his charity every day of the week, we should remind ourselves of the power of the faith that is ours. He has lived a useful, purposeful life; and, although the world may not be aware of some of the actual motivation in his life and work, he has never pretended to be anything other than himself. He would, perhaps, explain his life in Africa and his reason for being there with these words:

A man finds a meaning for his life, in that he strives to accomplish his own spiritual and ethical self-fulfilment, and, simultaneously and in the same act, helps forward all the processes of spiritual and material progress which have to be actualized in the world.

All evidence points toward the fact that Dr. Albert Schweitzer is an honest man with an unusually keen insight into himself, the world, and those around him. He does not seem to be the perfect man that many people would believe him to be, but this does not subtract from his greatness. Because he is not a saint, his life and his work will always be a challenge to the world.

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The Evolution of Modern *Jazz*

By KATHRYN HOOKS

DURING THE PAST twenty years a galaxy of new sounds has emerged in the musical world. In the classical genre we have had the introduction of semi-tones and atonality into the ranks of the accepted forms of composition, and these two innovations, combined with other changes in the classical idiom have served in the hands of serious composers to make possible the creation of an entirely different musical sound from that of any other period in the history of music. However, these changes have not been confined to the field of "serious" or "classical" music, for we see them as well in other types of contemporary music, especially in that phenomenon of American music—jazz. It is the changes in this particular art form with which we shall be most concerned.

Jazz, since its beginning in the late nineteenth century, has generally been regarded as just another form of light music, closely related in value to the short-lived "popular" songs of every age and differing only in beat, volume, and instrumentation, and, since it is most often improvised, in its value as an emotional outlet. This concept, however, has been greatly changed in recent years, for we read that one critic has written of the medium as "a burgeoning art form" and has spoken of jazz as offering "new heights of creative expression comparable to the seventeenth-century contrapuntalists." Jazz music is no longer just something to dance to or a kind of "functional folk music," but it is an art form in its own right—a form to be listened to and analyzed and enjoyed. It has at last come to be accepted as a serious musical form.

No matter how dignified or how serious modern jazz may have become, however, its exponents can never afford to snub their noses at the earlier music, for there is a close and indisputable relationship between the new and the old—between Dixieland and West Coast, between the "red hot" renditions of a Chicago band and the "cool" playing of Gerry Mulligan or the Modern Jazz Quartet. Indeed, an understanding of the contemporary form could never be complete without a knowledge of the original from which the form evolved.

Necessary first, though, is an understanding of what the term "jazz" implies. What is jazz and how is it different from other musical forms? How valuable is it as a musical form? Dr. Barry Ulanov, in his book, *A History of Jazz in America*, offers the most complete definition, saying:

Jazz is a new music of a certain distinct rhythmic and melodic character, one that constantly involves improvisation—of a minor sort in adjusting accents and phrases of the tune at hand, of a major sort in creating music extemporaneously, on the spot. The ends are the ends of all art, the expression of the universal and the particular, the specific and indirect and the intangible.

And Nat Hentoff speaks further of the ends of the form when he says: "The basic appeal and challenge of jazz

to player and listener has been the opportunity it affords a man to express his immediate emotions, to be simultaneously performer and composer."

Examining the medium more closely, we can discern certain definitive phenomena and certain ways in which these phenomena vary in "serious" music and in jazz. Among them are the origin of jazz, its harmonic composition, and its rhythm.

Concerning the origin and bases of the form, we accept Ulanov's assertion that jazz, like classical music, is essentially a western form; and we accept this view in spite of opposing claims by the majority of musicologists who claim that jazz "came over to the Americas from West Africa in the slave ships." Ulanov asserts that this American music is based on European melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic techniques but that "it approaches the subtleties of pitch, the quarter tones, and the microtones of Eastern music and some Western imitations of it in its motion toward or away from a particular note."

Leonard Bernstein also supports this view when, in analyzing the harmonic structure of jazz, he shows how the harmonies are built on the classical Western scale. We see, however, that the composition of the jazz scale differs slightly in that the third, fifth, and seventh degrees are flattened in the melody and are contrasted with the unflattened notes in the harmony, a device which creates the desired dissonance and the "blues" sound. Here is Bernstein's example of this:



The jazz beat is perhaps the major identifying characteristic of the form. It consists, as does the rhythm of any other music, of the basic beat (or the "inner rhythm") and the superimposed rhythm, which usually depends on syncopation for its interest. The beat is usually four quarter-notes to the bar, "serving as a solid rhythmic bass for the improvisation of soloists or groups playing eight or twelve measures, or some multiple or dividend thereof."

These, then, are the elements of all jazz music: Western tonalities and harmonies, modified by the "blues" note, built upon its own, indescribable rhythm. The rest of jazz, says Bernstein, is concerned with applying these basic characteristics to popular song, which becomes jazz only when it is improvised on. Yet, no matter how cut and dried this neat formula may seem, there is much diversity in its

application in composition, as we can tell by listening to music from different periods in jazz history; and the method of application in our own era is perhaps the most startlingly different of all.

Our modern jazz had its genesis in old New Orleans where the Negroes "blended black blues and white repertory, technical facility and improvisation." Dr. Ulanov speaks of the Negroes' contribution to jazz as a forced contribution when he says that "the Negro didn't respond to the back-breaking labor of slavery with a jubilant shout. Such music as he created in the cotton fields and in the warehouses was at the command of his masters." And Duke Ellington supports this view: "Fearful of the silence of these groups of blacks, their masters commanded them to raise their voices in songs, so that all plans for discontented reflection or plans for retaliation and salvation would be eliminated." Nevertheless, the working Negroes *did* sing and play, and from their "forced" recreation came the materials for the early jazz—the work songs of the men in levee camps and chain gangs, the chants of tie-shuffling and of the good times in town and "on the plantation and songs of the prodigious exploits of Negroes such as 'John Henry' and the more recent 'Fifteen Tons'." All these became the natural material of blues lyrics.

The first performers in jazz are figures more of legend than of life: the singers and instrumentalists who reached back to the 12-bar form of the folk tune, to its simple chord structure and typical melodic line, combined these with the texture of the Negro spiritual and other elements

less easy to identify, and evolved that most durable and most thoroughly adaptable of jazz forms, the blues.

Ulanov tells how the Negro music spread from the work crews and the plantations to Storyville, the red-light district of New Orleans, and from there to the other "across-the-tracks quarters" in Southern and Southwestern towns. Small bands developed alongside piano ragtime, which was supposedly a more disciplined music than jazz. The band of Buddy Bolden was typical in 1900 with "its cornet lead, clarinet and trombone following after, and bass guitar, and drums keeping the rhythm going." The music of this period just at the turn of the century was characterized by "a simplicity," "occasional poignancy," "characteristic irreverence," and "anti-sentimentality."

By the end of the First World War the streams of jazz and ragtime had merged into an integrated whole.

What ragtime contributed to jazz in its forays up and down the piano keyboard, in its nervous little four-bar breaks and sometimes dignified sixteen-bar choruses, was a respect for a complete command of instrumental technique and the understanding of the place a composer could have in a music which was largely improvised.

The jazz movement gained greater popularity with the migration of King Oliver and his band up the river to Chicago—and with them came Louis Armstrong and trumpet. Many new bands were formed—both colored and white—and the playing procedure which such bands as Tom Brown's Dixieland Jass [sic] and the Original Dixieland Jass Band helped to institute was soon adopted all over the United States.



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States. Louis Armstrong exerted great influence, for it was his Hot Five and Hot Seven who

put together an imposing repertory of tunes and variations on those old tunes and created a veritable alphabet of phrases and figures, which remained the basic tunes, variations, and catch-phrases of jazz for a quarter of a century or more.

Soon the music spread to New York, where its class was raised somewhat; for here it was heard in respectable night clubs, a drastic change from the boisterous honky-tonk pawdy houses of New Orleans' Storyville. Here such names as Bix Beiderbecke, Fletcher Henderson, and Duke Ellington had begun to be associated with the music—especially Ellington, whose high standards lent dignity to the form and whose soloists

in the late twenties and all through the thirties and early forties . . . offered the definitive example of what to do with his instrument. Duke's sections—his reeds and his rhythm and his brass—were deployed as no other composer or arranger in jazz had ever organized them, to express the imagination not of one man or six or seven, but thirteen or sixteen or twenty. This was the final push, which took music out of a back-room hum and redeemed it . . . and made it possible for hundreds of others to make this music their profession and their art.

Thus by the 1930's this product of the hovels of Storyville had been legitimized, and, as Ulanov says of it, the new art of jazz was making its way into the consciousness of Americans, not only as part of the poetry of T. S. Eliot, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, E. E. Cummings, not only in such novels as *The Great Gatsby*, in the music of Stravinsky and Ravel and Bloch; . . . it was also beginning to take shape as an independent art form of great eloquence . . .

In the late thirties and forties came a new style, and with it came bigger, smoother bands and Benny Goodman. In the increase in the number and popularity of the free-swing bands of Chicago, Kansas City, and New York, something was lost; for, as the color line of our society came to be more strictly observed, much of the original Negro inspiration was lost from the white bands, causing them to "suffer seriously from the limitations of that ugly, unwritten, but vigorously enforced social contract that separated the two races in jazz." However, with the Benny Goodman *integrated* band came a restoration of the original spirit and the great era of swing. This was a period of great ensemble, of wonderful instrumental excellence, and of the hey-day of the dives on 52nd Street where musicians gathered to play all night every night, of Count Basie, Gene Krupa, Harry James, Tommy Dorsey and the "barrelhouse" trombone. It is spoken of in the annals of jazz as the "classical jazz era," "the jazz equivalent of the Elizabethan period in English literature."

But to every era of the extreme is a reaction, and this is no less true in the field of jazz music than any other. When the popularity of swing music began to break down, another style arose to take its place, and in this style we see the blossoming of our "modern" jazz. In its infancy it was called bebop or bop.

Played at first by small, intimate groups of musicians, it consisted chiefly of improvised solos. In rebellion against the formal limitations of swing and of traditional jazz the musicians utilized novel (to jazz) harmonies and harmonic progressions as well as phrases of irregular length . . . In basic structure, however, the variation form was used.

All sorts of new instruments were given new vitality

by the administration of bop lines, by the captivating brilliance of a music that was essentially melodic, far removed really from the chunky rhythms and squared-off harmonies of big-band swing, reaching with an inevitable enchantment to the inner beings of solo-minded jazzmen.

The leader of these groups was saxophonist Charlie "Bird" Parker who, with Dizzy Gillespie on trumpet, pianist Thelonious Monk, guitarist Charlie Christian, and Kenny Clarke on drums, developed a jazz form in which "each man . . . was responsible for a certain number of innovations that were synthesized only by a joint effort." There were no written parts; each man stimulated the melodic genius of the other to the point that the spirit of the whole group transcended individual characteristics. This group's techniques cannot be overlooked in a study of the factors contributing to the evolution of modern jazz; and, since Bird Parker is generally accepted as the leader and synthesizer of the bopmen, it is to his style that we will turn for an example of the *pure* bop style.

To Parker is attributed the enrichment of the formerly limited jazz repertory as well as the development of the original conceptions in regard to rhythm, harmony, melody, and the handling of sound. He is said to have introduced revolutionary tonal conceptions which approached polytonality, to have been the first to bring into jazz "a certain melodic discontinuity that yet avoids incoherence," and to have known how to vary his effects within a single solo by "frequent use of an upper-register diatonic embellishment," in rapid notes or triplets, or in "rapid chromatic descent followed by a brief mounting arpeggio."

Parker's rhythmic conceptions were perhaps the most lasting of his influences on modern jazz and have continued to "represent a summit in the evolution of jazz." Andre Hodeir says in describing his rhythm:

Charlie Parker's idea of rhythm involves breaking time up . . . [into] half beats. No other soloist attaches so much importance to short notes [eighth notes in quick tempos, sixteenths in slow] . . . The accent does not fall invariably on the weak part of the beat . . . Bird's accentuation comes alternately on the beat and between beats. The astonishingly rich rhythm of his music comes from this alternation from continual appositions.

His "rhythmic discontinuity," as Hodeir calls it, was another factor which added diversity and interest to his music.

These two factors, then—tonality and rhythm—were the principal ingredients of the Bird Parker sound, a sound which was

taut, smooth, almost without vibrato except for a slow, very broad one in unhurried tempos. Now and then a jabbing point emerges, an accented note on which Parker seems to concentrate a pent-up excess of feeling and which has a completely different timbre, particularly in the upper register.

The sound was liked, and it was copied to excess by jazz groups everywhere. Lennie Tristano describes the music as being diametrically opposed to the jazz that preceded it, as being cool, soft, and light. The beboppers:

discarded collective improvisation and placed all emphasis on the single line . . . [In bebop] the arpeggio has ceased to be important; the line is primarily diatonic . . . The music is thoughtful . . .

Dizzy Gillespie, Billy Eckstine, and Sarah Vaughan all won fame for their rendition of this "thoughtful" music; but soon came the imitators, the superficial copyists, whose feeble attempts masqueraded under the name of bebop and ran it into the ground. In 1946 bebop was banned by a

Los Angeles radio station, and *Time* explained: "What bebop amounts to is hot jazz overheated, with overdone lyrics full of bawdiness, references to narcotics, and double-talk." Thus in the hands of such men as Harry-the-Hipster Gibson and Slim Gaillard, whose music was not merely double-talk but was "thick with reefer smoke and bedroom inuendo," bop music and jazz degenerated into disrepute.

This decadent music was not, however, without its contribution to the jazz composition of our own age, for bop gave jazz a fresh rhythmic spirit; it lengthened melodic lines and introduced a new homophonic style into the history of jazz. It made way for the next and latest development in jazz—"cool jazz."

An exact definition of the cool style has not been made. Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, in a radio address, has said that "'cool' . . . pinpoints . . . the fact that this is definitely not the 'hot jazz' of the twenties or thirties. It has none of the dionysiac character of hot jazz. It is reflective, intellectual, sophisticated, and playful." And Dr. Hodeir says:

It represents a striving toward a certain conception of musical purity. This effort . . . finds its justification in . . . a kind of modesty that was not to be found in jazz before. Even when the performer seems to be letting himself go most completely . . ., a sort of reserve . . . marks his creative flight, channeling it within certain limits that constitute its charm . . . Jazz becomes an intimate art . . .

Yet, what are the specific characteristics of cool jazz? Why is "What is This Thing Called Love" "cooler" when played by Miles Davis than it is when Satchmo plays it?

There are some quite tangible elements to which can be attributed the "cool" quality, among them being many of the elements of the music which preceded it; for from the

original bopsters came the intimacy which Dr. Hodeir mentions. From bop came the idea of a close degree of spiritual communication among the players, the idea of real *feeling* in the improvised music, and the resulting requirement of small, chamber-type ensembles. However, drastic changes were made in the jazz idiom; and, whereas the qualifying elements of rhythm and improvisation and so forth were retained, the musicians of the fifties gave the jazz form a face-lifting which has served to revolutionize the whole world and art of jazz—a service comparable to that done by Duke Ellington in the "classic era."

Since the beginning of jazz certain characteristics have been associated with the jazz sonority. Sharp attacks, rough timbre, vibrato, and a harsh, hard touch were typical of hot jazz sound. And this sound had been carried over from the degenerated bebop through the raucous blarings of Stan Kenton and the progressives in the late forties. However, Lester Young, who is hailed as a leader among cool jazz fans, showed that it is possible to produce jazz without the unartistic and undesirable lack of control.

Young's veiled sonority and his almost imperceptible vibrato . . . brought into being an unprecedented musical climate, the first fruit of the revolution begun by men like [Bennie] Carter, [Bennie] Goodman, and [Teddy] Wilson. But the indefinable charm that is all Lester Young's own comes chiefly from his astonishing muscular relaxation, . . . a kind of relaxation that has become something of a cult among his disciples.

Another of the innovations of the modernists concerned the melodic material of the musicians and their adoption, in many instances, of material and technique from the field of "serious" or classical music. Writing in 1956, Dr. Hodeir expresses his dissatisfaction with the outmoded melodies and

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hythms of classical jazz which have been used to a large extent by the modern musicians. He says, "In the field of melody, the cool soloists seem to stick more closely to the theme, which is often taken from the most commonplace part of the repertory," and he speaks of their loss of the poly-rhythmic aspect of bop and says that "their idiom [the modernists] is purer . . . but also poorer." In an effort to remedy this weakness Dr. Hodeir advocates a return to the innovations of Charlie Parker and the better bop musicians. It seems, however, that many of the contemporary musicians have already devised their own solution to this problem of poor musical materials by their increasing utilization of classical devices and by the use of some of the techniques of the modern "serious" composers such as Allan Berg, Igor Stravinsky, and Paul Hindemith.

It is a well-known fact that many modern jazz musicians are also capable serious musicians. Lennie Tristano is a graduate of the American Conservatory in Chicago; Dave Brubeck was a pupil of Darius Milhaud at Mills College, and the clarinetist John La Porta has studied counterpoint and atonality extensively and has even made transcriptions of the harpsichord and organ music of Bach for jazz instruments. Of their incorporation of the classical materials in jazz, L. Trimble writes:

"The jazz men, in search of structural resources . . . frequently invoke the techniques of Baroque contrapuntal writing. Some . . . have [even] gone twelve-tone. It is only natural, then, that, when the supply of melodic material becomes poor in the jazz field, these musicians should turn to the classical idiom, especially to the works of Bach and Beethoven and Shostakovich. And so we have the introduction of such classic techniques of composition as counterpoint which uses the same melodic material, but with certain variations made possible by use of the polyphonic devices. In speaking of the 'multi-linear topography' of the music of Jimmy Giuffre, one of the outstanding figures on the West Coast, Nat Hentoff describes the music as 'slow-motion counterpoint,' the music being, in this case, augmentation superimposed on diminution, resulting in a 'contrast of melodies used against each other,' causing a certain feeling of suspension, of dissonance."

And this use of the counterpoint of the seventeenth century as a device for improvisation in twentieth-century melodies has become the rule rather than the exception for cool jazzmen.

Still another instance in which the moderns have returned to their classic ancestors is in the use of the classical forms. It is quite common to find passages written in the fugue style. In fact, Dave Brubeck has even recorded a number for his jazz chamber group called "Fugue on Bop Themes." The sonata allegro form has also been used for jazz works.

Still another of the characteristics of cool modern jazz is one which has been borrowed from the serious musicians—this time the *modern* serious musicians. This characteristic is the new atonality and polytonality of modern jazz which has been developed recently in serious music by American contemporary composers as Berg and Hindemith. Polytonality, the less radical of the two types of tonality, was developed, and, in a sense, popularized by the Santole brothers, Dennis and Adolph, who, recognizing the inevitability of atonalism in jazz and the necessity of an intermediate stage, arranged a concert in Philadelphia in 1949 which introduced polytonality and, in so doing, proved to be a revolution that evolved in turn toward the expansionary goals of the atonalists. Polytonality was soon improved and taken to the West Coast by Dave Brubeck.

Logically enough, polytonality *has* developed into atonality in the bands of many of the newer modern jazz men. The initial recording experiment was made by Lennie Tristano, Billy Bauer, Arnold Fishkin, Lee Korietz, and Wayne Marsh in 1949 when they attempted to record for Capitol Records "spontaneous music that would be at once atonal, contrapuntal, and improvised on a jazz base." Of the result, Ulanov says:

You can hear the individual melodic lines lengthen—first Lennie's and Billy's, . . . then Lee's, then Wayne's, with Arnold's bass part taking on more and more individual life. You can almost see the long lines pair off, side by side, the improvised counterpoint taking shape, crackling with suggestions of atonality, all strung together with a toe-snapping rhythm. You can't miss the evolution from other men's chords, from established chord lengths, from familiar sounds, to the individual freedom and group interdependence, . . . all accomplished without relying on other men's devices.

This experiment served, in a sense, as a precedent for the many atonal jazz works which have been produced in the last eight years.

These, then, are the characteristics and the elements of our contemporary jazz music—elements which have not sprung full-grown into being but which have evolved from the very roots of jazz music.

This new music is different. It is classical and clean and pure, and it is contrapuntal and interesting. Balliett has expressed the outstanding quality of cool jazz as being "a new collective sense of taste" and "a musical compound *mot justes*."

There are many other aspects of cool jazz which could be discussed in a lengthier study: the various schools and their adherence to particular classical styles, the growing popularity of this musical form all over the world, the controversy between classical and modern jazzists, and so on.

Where will it go from here? This is a subject for much speculation. Some experts prophesy a return to Dixieland, whereas others believe that modern jazz will keep up with serious music in developing new forms and methods. To me, the latter seems more plausible, for jazz is an expression of the emotion of the times; and, as the times change, so will jazz. As Dr. S. I. Hayakawa says:

It is . . . the sociological flashes that suddenly excite you and make you feel that jazz is not just a special art form of music but human experience itself—the personal sense of tragedy and aspiration, of longing and release, weaving highly colored threads in the bigger fabric of social clash and accommodation.



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An American Abroad

(Continued from page 9)

a few thoughtless tourists. We must be willing to take out our rusty French and make an attempt at communication, to take the side roads and sleep on a straw pallet in a hostel occasionally, and to sit quietly once in a while, letting the meaning of it all soak in.

Another land is to discover. Take a red suitcase—or a beat-up brown one if you really want to be Bohemian—and go, collecting all the treasures that you can afford, staying up all night on shipboard, and exploiting the travel guide to its fullest. But perhaps you too will discover that Europe is more than the moon on the Seine (and it *was* rewarding!). Europe makes its impression however you see it, and you make your impression on Europeans just as permanently. We had “suitcase callouses” to show and a few purchases tucked away too; but the realization of understanding and the memory of personal relationships have outlasted both. We would like to think that the feeling is shared on the other side of the Atlantic.

To Mac

BETTY JENKINS

The smell of grease, the sight of tools,
A place where work and labor rules,
A pair of hands so black with dirt,
A busy man with whom to flirt,
A pile of sand, a glimpse of sea—
The epitome of labor.

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Inconstancy

JUDITH BURKE

The day dawned as other days—
No tinge of difference in the air.
Sun appeared and earth smelled good
As hot summer earth does.
The morning slipped by like yesterday.
Toward noon at the table a crash boomed forth,
The sound of shattering glass
Disturbing the calm of constant, regular day.

The object of many reflections
Clumped to the floor from wall
Where suspended, it had rested many years,
An omen of ill fortune, strewn in a thousand
and one fragments
On a hard, indifferent floor.
Forgotten by all who were busy at other tasks
It lay, untouched, on the floor,
Ignored—“seven years’ bad luck”—how silly!

The day found escape behind misty blue mountains.
The constant, ebony night took her place.
Things for a time seemed unchanged
Until that one unforeseen moment, a split second,
Brought change and an absence of one dearly beloved
One never suspected of leaving his ordered corner.
“Who says there is no inconstancy?” the objects
of reflections demanded
As they gleamed up from the floor.

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BY ALFRED WANG

Read at Queens on the World Day of Prayer

A white cloud reflected by a golden sunset
Is a colored cloud;
A gushing stream hanging over the cliff
Is a waterfall:
By different association, a new name is given,
So is Man's relation to Man!

God is the greatest artist
By whose hands we're made;
He created many colors—black, white, yellow, brown, red:
Though the national boundaries are high
And racial differences deep,
Humanity is forever one!

For whichever finger being cut does not bleed?
And in whose motherly tear there swims no love?

Praise our Father for this occasion!
Praise his love supreme!
In his mercy we forth come,
By his grace we all live!
For Christ, our Redeemer, in whose strength we unite,
Is the salvation in every age and land!
His cross inspires us to be purer,
His mark we bear o'er all the earth!
One fellowship tied in love beyond East and West,
One hope deepened in faith wherever we are blessed!

Where devils' hold is tightened, where tyrants devour the weak,
Where innocents are threatened, where villains vengeance wreck,
Rise up, O Christians! Keep the banners high!
Attack the ramparts of sin; for Christ the victory win!
Christians from all lands, join hand in hand,
Seek new consummation with one heart and mind!
From the sultry desert to the jade-green shore,
From the rolling ocean to the pathless moor,
Let Christ's power turn swords to jade!
Let Christ's love change strife to aid!
Till the world finds brotherhood
And Man's harmony with the universe!

Pierce our soul with the spear of Spirit Divine!
Fill our hearts with prayers of wordless sighs!
Shine for Christ in this world dark and vast,
As stars their silver beams on frosted hills cast!
Man's life is grass withering at the frost,
Or a candle blown out by a babe's mouth.
Stride for Christ, hoard no wealth or fame,
As the sun rises in a golden flame!
Great trees take ten years to grow,
Great Christians a hundred years to mould!
Like gems well cut in the dark to shine,
May God's grace in the dungeon we find!
Though sorrow and parting oft cloud our eyes,
Christ's joy and love forever abide!
May God guide us over hills and seas,
One in hope, one in love, and one in faith!

For our being brothers (and sisters) within the four seas,
Is part of God's original plan!

Interval

LAURA PRINCE

You draw a blackened blind
Thinking of the previous hours
Among cracked coffee cups and a cheap magazine:
"Mrs. Gilmore committed suicide."

They reach neither upward nor outward;
They are stunned by a chilly sun,
Stunted in their growth,
Stripped naked by a season's greedy grasp:
Impoverished old men with bony fingers,
Cracking voices, tobacco-stained beards.

The shock of seeing a dismal fog clinging fervently
To the old men in shirt sleeves
Brings to mind peeling plaster, rat holes,
Arms that are sore through voluntary bondage.

You lower the blind,
Forgetting.
The old men will quickly enough die,
Leaving behind money with an artful smile
And a red dress.

ALITA WHITE

The world is a place of emotions.
We strive to know those within.
Their concepts elude,
 leaving an emptiness.

Beyond the scope of knowledge,
Above the reach of vision
Lies the El Dorado
of life.

No word can describe,
No poet can rhyme
The sensation
of love.

It must be felt,
Not spoken—
Silently rejoiced,
Not voiced
abroad.

Speak Not of Love

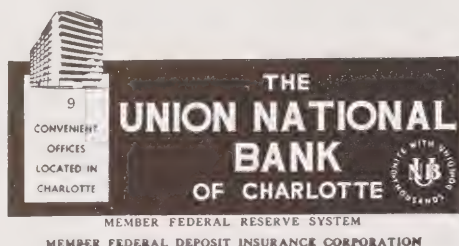
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SHADOWS

BY MARY ALLRED

The First

He was an old man and his coat was thin and the day was bitter cold. The drabness of his form blended into the sombre, steel-like oblivion of the day. He walked with a halting gait and clutched in his calloused bare hands a bundle of newspapers. He struggled aboard the bus and made his way down the aisle; hopefully, he stopped at each occupied seat, held up a paper, pointed to the headlines, grinned a contorted and toothless plea. The only reactions to his efforts were indifferent stares, monotonous smoke rings, and in the back of the bus one quiet "I'll take one." Disappointed, the man fumbled back to the front of the bus still pointing to the headlines, his gestures punctuated by grunts from a throat that had long been dumb. He stepped down from the bus and was met by a husky bully who had been waiting for him. With bared teeth he snarled: "An' jest what do you think you're doin' here, you no-count bastard idiot? You know Jerry an' Pete an' me sells on the busses an' we don't need no help. Now git out on th' street where y'b'long—an' git fast, else you'll git what's left o' that face o' yours bashed in."

The old man's features twisted in the agony of his frustration, and the words that could not come from his lips were swimming in his eyes. He looked toward the street where the stout-lunged newspaper boys shouted their familiar cries. Then slowly he turned and shuffled on, and the outline of his stooping shoulders faded with his steps into the grayness of the day.

The Second

The boy had gray eyes. The wind and the sun had colored his skin tan and his cheeks a healthy pink. He was tall and thin with the gangliness of an adolescent. Something about him suggested open meadows, sprawling pasture land, tinkling milk pails. His eyes lingered often on the swiftly passing countryside. An intangible something—a tenderness or sensitivity—gave a strange glow to his masculine appearance and shone, most of all, in his eyes.

In the seat next to the boy sprawled a small youngster, his tousled head in his brother's lap. Waking slowly from his afternoon slumber, he rubbed his eyes with his fist, then rolled them around in his freckled face.

"Where we, Milton?"

"Somewhere in Virginia, boy."

"V'ginia? That far from Georgia, Milton?"

"Yeah, Jackie, that's a long piece from Georgia."

"Milton . . ."

"What, boy?" He playfully mussed the lad's straw-like hair.

"Why'd we have to leave Spot?"

"Cause you can't bring a dog on a bus. Besides, he'd prob'ly lots rather stay in Georgia. Don't you 'spec so?"

"But I miss 'im, Milton. An' I'm scared he'll forgit 'bout me." He swallowed hard.

"Don't you fret, Jackie. We'll get us a dog, an' he'll love

us just as good as Spot did, an' I bet we'll love him, too."

"Yeah . . ." The little boy's eyes grew happier. "An' he'll go with us huntin', won't 'e, Milton?"

"You bet, boy, an' fishin' too."

"You will go with me, won'tcha, Milton, jus' like at home in Georgia when y' was through with all the work?"

"'Course I will."

"And there'll be lots o' cows an' hills and' fishin' holes?"

"Some o' the prettiest 'uns you've ever seen. There were pitchers of that land up north in my books at school. It's all green an' hilly an' cows an' horses stand out in the sun an' you c'n almost feel the fresh air jus' lookin' at the pitchers. We'll take us a good romp every day when you get home from school. An' we'll go fishin' an' hikin' an' everything."

"You goin' to school too, Milton?"

"No, boy, I'll be goin' to work. I got to help Ma out, you know. It's not like when you got a daddy alive."

"Well, I'll be glad when we get there, Milton, so I c'n play out in the woods. I don't like bein' in this ole bus."

"Just hol' yo' horses. We'll get there after awhile an' then you c'n play out in the woods an' roll down the hills an' catch all the varmints you want to."

Jackie sighed at the blissful prospect.

"Hey, look! Ain't that a purty horse, Milton? Shucks, he's gone now. Golly moses, he was purty."

And the two boys watched with eager eyes as the countryside unrolled its panorama of wonders outside the window of the bus.

Their thoughts were broken by the voice of the woman across the aisle who was calling their names. "Better not strain your eyes lookin' out the window all the time, boys. New York City's a long way off."

The Third

The two girls sat side by side on the worn seat of the old trolley and talked eagerly. Their faces glowed with the shared anticipation of some great event, and their eyes shone. School books lay forgotten in the space between them on the seat. Excited gestures supplemented their bubbling talk. The sunlight poured through the window and added to the sparkle in their eyes. The day was very bright. Now and then an isolated word of their gay conversation rose above the mingled murmur of the passengers. "New dress . . . pretty decorations . . . eight o'clock . . . corsage . . . senior prom . . ."

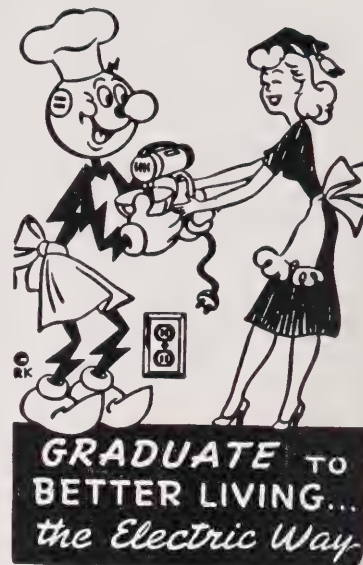
They did not notice the tall, surly man who had come aboard the streetcar. They were not aware of his long direct stares at them nor of his clenching and unclenching fists. Only when the metal pole along the side of their seat began to vibrate from the blows of an angry hand did they interrupt their chatter to look up—and meet the blistering hatred of his eyes. Fear displaced their happiness; bewilderment clouded their eyes; they fell silent. Uneasy and uncertain, they turned their gaze upon the city sidewalks and the

some buildings outside and tried to shut out the ugly image of the man standing in the aisle. The trolley glided on, stopped, and started again dozens of routine times. The murmur of the passengers was quieter now although the car was still crowded, and the man's vulgar, mumbled insinuations could not go unheard.

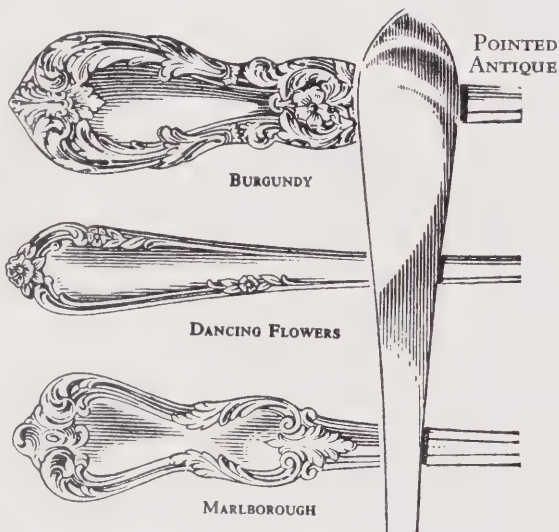
At long last the welcome landscape of familiar neighborhood fell upon the girls' eyes and filled them with relief. Quietly, their exuberance long since drained from them, they picked up their books and stepped into the aisle—their stop was still two blocks away, but something made them want to be ready to step off the streetcar, quickly and quietly, into the fresh air. They started toward the exit and stopped in their tracks—their way was blocked by the jeering man. They looked first up at him and then at each other, and their eyes were full of fear and questioning. Finally one of them said quietly, "Would you excuse us, please?"

The man laughed a laugh of malice, then spat viciously on the floor. "If you wanna git outa this trolley, you find yourselves another way." He put a balled-up fist on his hip, glared at them with murderous looks. "You been settin' there like queen bees while me an' some o' these other people here been standin' up, an' I'll be damned to hell if I aim to take that off'n any nigger wench, much less when them seats is almost in the middle. Let this learn you a lesson, you black scum." And he sidled to the edge just enough so that they had to slide through a narrow path between him and the seats while he leered down at them. Then, following them to the door, he spat onto the pavement behind them.

They walked with their eyes on the ground, their lips closed, their steps heavy. And the day was dark.



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JESSIE SUE stood there on the old wooden porch and looked out across the cotton field. She could see her daddy and her two brothers coming toward the house. They had been out in the field all morning, and now the sun was high in the summer sky. She looked down at her brown arm and watched a little trickle of perspiration run down to the crook in her elbow. This was the third day now that the sweltering heat had persisted. The baby was almost sick from it, and it seemed as if Mama always found more work for her to do when it was so awfully hot.

"Jes' Sue!" That would be Mama calling her to come take up the rice. She didn't answer right off because she knew that she had scorched the rice and Mama would be mad. Sam and Little Bo were racing along the rows of cotton, and Daddy was telling them to mind out that they didn't knock off any bolls. She could tell that they weren't paying any attention to him.

afternoon rain

SYLVIA MCKENZIE

"Jes' Sue! How many mo' times I gonna hav' to call you?" "Comin', Mama." She turned to go in the house just as Little Bo tripped and fell at the end of the cotton row. She saw him look back over his shoulder quick to see if Daddy had seen him. But Daddy had been watching a buzzard circling over the nearby patch of woods.

"Jes' Sue!" The screen door slammed behind her as she stepped onto the linoleum floor of the dining room that seemed dark after the bright sunlight.

"Take up the rice, now, and call Daddy and the boys." "Yas'm. They's comin' right now."

She picked up the rice pot and dug the big spoon into the soft white grains. She tried not to hit the bottom of the pot where she knew the grains would come up brown. If Mama would just let her wash the dishes, then she'd never find out, but she knew that Mama would make her look after baby Anna. Jessie Sue liked to wash the dishes because she liked to play in the dirty, greasy water and see how the clean water made little drops on her arms and hands when she tried to wash them off.

"Jes' Sue! Am I gonna hav' to git yo' daddy to you?" Mama was in a bad mood today. "What's takin' you so long, child?"

Jessie Sue took the china bowl and heaped it full of steaming rice, being sure to leave enough stuck to the bottom of the pot that Mama wouldn't notice the scorched part. She pinched some grains between her thumb and forefinger and stuffed them into her mouth. It was hot, and she's forgotten to salt it. Quickly, before Mama could see, she shook the box of salt over it and carried the bowl out and set it on the table. Daddy and the boys were just coming in the door.

Sam ran over to her and pulled one of her pigtails, laughed, and then ran from her when she tried to catch him.

"I'll git you, Sam."

Sam just grinned and went out on the back porch where Little Bo was washing up.

Finally they scrambled around and got settled at the table. Daddy came in, and they all sat down. He had to look at Sam and Little Bo to get them to be quiet enough to say the blessing for the food. They laughed out loud before he could finish. Then Mama heard the baby crying and told Jessie Sue to go see about her. Jessie Sue pushed her chair back from the table and went to the back room where baby Anna was taking her nap. As soon as Jessie Sue picked her up, she knew what the trouble was. The diapers on the line weren't dry yet, so she just left the wet one on, to Anna's discomfort. She started back to the dining room when she tripped over a chair and almost dropped Anna. Anna began to scream, and Jessie Sue resisted the impulse to throw her down. Her big toe was bleeding, and it hurt.

"Jes' Sue?"

"It's O.K., Mama, and Anna's all right."

Mama didn't miss a thing. She put the baby down in the chair and sat down on the floor to look at her toe. She mashed it and the blood oozed out steadily. She went over to a chest of drawers and took out a yellow rag and tied it up. Picking up the baby, she went back into the kitchen.

Mama took the baby, seeming not to notice that her diaper was wet. Jessie Sue helped herself to rice, cornbread, turnips, and the last piece of fish.

"Mama, Little Bo done eat all the fish 'cept for this here piece." She stuck her tongue out at little Bo and gulped down some buttermilk. Using her hands, she tore open the fish and took out the biggest bone. When she had finished, she wiped her greasy hands on her cotton skirt. The rice didn't taste scorched. Maybe Mama hadn't noticed yet.

"Jes' Sue, how come you done gone an' scorched the rice?" Sam looked at her, still chewing while he talked.

"I ain' scorched the rice, is I, Mama?" She looked at Mama out of the corner of her eye. Mama was feeding the baby and apparently had not heard.

Sam said no more, but pushed his chair back from the table and went out on the front porch where he stretched out in the sun and was soon asleep. In a few minutes Little Bo got up also and went out the back. The old black and yellow hound barked joyfully, thinking Little Bo had brought the scraps.

"Little Bo!" Mama called twice and there was no answer. "Jes' Sue, take these scraps out there and tell Little Bo to feed them to the dog."

"But Mama, I ain' finished yet. An' you done made me go see to Anna. Make Sam git up an' do it."

"Sam!" She looked out on the porch and saw Sam stretched out asleep. Giving Anna to Jessie Sue, she picked up the scraps herself and took them out to the dog.

Jessie Sue finished stuffing the last bit of cornbread into her mouth, drained the cup of milk, and got up. She put the baby down on the floor to play and went out on the front porch, wiping her hands and mouth on her skirt as she went.

The sun was hot, and the few plants in the yard were parched. She didn't care a thing about plants. Mama had put them out only because Cousin Ludy had given them to her. Jessie Sue didn't want any more work than she had to do, and plants to water only meant another job for her.

Sam's mouth was open and he looked like he was about to fall off the porch. Not being able to resist the temptation, Jessie Sue stood over him, giggling at his open mouth, and gave him a shove with her bare foot. He fell off the porch onto the hard, packed earth and woke with a start.

Round and round the barn Sam chased Jessie Sue. Knowing she would tire easily, he hid behind a bush and waited for her to get out of breath. When she finally stopped, Sam jumped out and fell on top of her. They rolled over in the dirt, the dust showing white on their dark skin. Sam picked up a handful of dirt and tried to push it into her eyes and mouth. She pushed him away, and scrambled up, running toward the house.

"Mama, make Sam quit fightin'."

Mama appeared on the porch, and Jessie Sue looked back at Sam in triumph.

"Jes' Sue, come in here and 'tend to Anna while I wash the dishes."

Sam laughed and threw a rock at her. It bounced off her leg.

"Mama! Sam done gone and' hit me on my sore toe!" She began to look as if she were going to cry, peeking out the corner of her eye to see if Mama had heard. Mama ignored the remark and went back in the house.

"Now come on in here and do what I done told you to do." She was saying this from the kitchen.

"No!" Jessie Sue knew that she would have to do it, but she just enjoyed this brief moment of defiance. She saw Daddy get up and come to the door, so she ran to the porch and picked up Anna, who still needed a dry diaper.

"Mama, is th' diapers dry yet?"

"Go see." At this Jessie Sue pinched Anna hard. When she began to cry, Jessie called out "Mama, I can't do nothin' with her." Then she added "Maybe she be's sick!"

"Jes' Sue, what you done to that baby? You know they ain' nothin' wrong with her."

Anna soon stopped crying, so Jessie Sue just hoisted her on her hip and walked around to the backyard to see if the diapers were dry. She saw Sam and Little Bo playing out behind the barn, but she didn't call out to them. She'd had enough wrestling for today.

The diapers were almost dry, so she took one and went into the house. She put Anna down on Mama's bed and took off the dirty diaper, throwing it aside. She put on the clean one hurriedly and then threw Anna over her shoulder and went into the kitchen.

The rice pot was soaking in the greasy water, and Mama said nothing to Jessie Sue about scorching the rice. Jessie Sue said nothing either. Beads of sweat stood out on Mama's forehead as she stood cleaning off the stove.

Jessie Sue dangled her free arm into the greasy dish water. It was cooling at first but then made her hotter. She rinsed it under the faucet and smiled as the beads of water formed on her brown skin. She wiped it off on her skirt and dried her fingers on Anna's clean diaper.

She jiggled the baby up and down and shook her own head at the same time. Seeing the hound dog still eating his scraps, she went out the back door and pretended she was going to take the plate away from him, just to hear him growl. This he did, and with great vehemence. Anna began to scream. Jessie Sue turned and walked away before Mama could call to her from the kitchen window.

"Sam! Little Bo!" That was Daddy calling the boys to come get ready to go back to the field. They still had an afternoon of work ahead of them, and, since the days were long, the afternoons seemed almost endless. Jessie Sue was glad that she was a girl and did not have to go to the field. She watched them as they carried the gallon jug full of water that Mama had given them. The weather was so hot and dry that they couldn't afford to come back to the house every time they wanted water. In her mind's eye Jessie Sue

could see the big oak tree under which Daddy would put the jug, all wrapped in a burlap sack. She knew that Sam and Little Bo would take advantage of every opportunity to stop their work and go over to sit down under the tree, using the excuse that they were thirsty. If they didn't, they were foolish. That was what she would do, she thought.

"Jessie Sue, come in here an' let me dress Anna. Cousin Ludy an' me's goin' to see Miss Rachel." Miss Rachel was the preacher's wife. She had been to visit them last week and Mama always returned the visit the following week. This time, evidently, she had asked Cousin Ludy to go with her.

"Yas'm. I's coming." Anna was pulling her hair. Jessie Sue slapped her hand. Out of spite Anna stuck her whole fist into her mouth, slobbering all over her wrist and on Jessie Sue's shoulder. Mama took the baby, and Jessie Sue went back outside.

"You gonna be gone long, Mama?" Not wanting to spend the afternoon alone, she was trying to think what she could do.

"I reckon we might be back' bout five o'clock. Why don't you go over to Betty's? You hasn't been to see her in a long time now."

"Well—I reckon I will. I sho don't want to stay to this here house all by myself."

"All right, now. You go on over to see her," said Mama coming down the porch steps with Anna on her hip. She had put on her best black dress and her new red hat. Anna was wearing a blue sundress and white sandals that needed polish. She still had her fist in her mouth.

"O.K., I will." She watched Mama walk down the road toward the house where Cousin Ludy lived alone. Her husband had died last year, and all her children were married and gone. Jessie Sue remembered the funeral last year and the red and green wax flowers that they had put on the grave. Cousin Ludy wasn't really their cousin. They just called her that. Maybe it was so she'd feel like she had some kinfolks living close by.

As soon as Mama was out of sight, Jessie Sue went in the house and shut the door. First she went to the kitchen and ate two pieces of cornbread, heaping on the butter. Then, going in Mama's room, she carefully opened the drawer where Daddy kept his chewing tobacco. He thought none of the children knew where he kept it, but Jessie Sue, Sam, and even Little Bo would sneak in from time to time and pinch off a tiny bit and chew it. They never chewed enough to make them sick because they knew Daddy would take his belt to them if he ever found out, but they liked to pretend they were chewing it. Jessie Sue knew that sometimes Sam and Little Bo would break off a piece and go out behind the barn with it. She thought about the time she had caught them. She smiled. They had kept her from telling on them by giving her some. She really didn't like the way it tasted, but it made her feel real grown-up. Today the heat had caused the whole drawer to smell like tobacco. It almost made her sick. She chewed a piece anyway, then went back to the kitchen and drank some buttermilk.

On her way back to the front room she stopped in front of a smoky mirror and grinned at herself. She rubbed her forefinger over her white teeth and rolled her eyes, making faces. She stuck out her tongue, studying it.

Tiring of this she decided to go on over to see Betty, who lived a half mile down the road. If she went through the woods, she could get there in about half the time. Mama didn't like for her to go through the woods, but she decided to go that way anyway. Before she left, she walked over to the faucet in the yard and bent down to get a drink.

etting the cool water run all over her face. She didn't dry
t off, but walked on, letting the sun dry it. Digging her
oes in the thick dust, she started toward the woods behind
he house.

The pine straw was cool to her feet, and she sat down
minute to cool off. She studied her dirt-streaked brown,
ony legs. They were long and skinny and seemed out of
proportion to her big feet. Her feet were flat. She pulled
ff the yellow rag, now dirty, and looked at her sore toe.
The blood and dirt were caked together. It was sore, but
t did not hurt.

Finally she got up and ambled on her way, stopping to
watch some small grey birds rustling the leaves of a live
ak. She leaned up against a big pine, and when she took
her hand down it had tar on it. Or was it gum? She couldn't
decide.

When she got to Betty's house she stopped to pet the
ld yellow cat which purred against her legs. Seeing the
ront door shut and no signs of anybody's being at home,
he called out. "Betty! Hey, Bett-oo! Where you is?" When
here was no response, she decided they must all be gone.

Inside, the stillness indicated that her assumption had
een correct. She walked slowly through the empty house,
njoying the sensation that she was doing something that
he shouldn't. Finally she sat down to wait for Betty, but
fter a long time she got up and walked through the house
gain. After about fifteen minutes her conscience persuaded
er to leave, but not before she went through the kitchen
nce more and looked in the oven. To her disappointment,
t was empty—she had known it would be. On her way out
he saw a lone penny on a table by the door. She dropped
t in her pocket, then stopped and put it back. She closed
he door carefully behind her and went back into the yard.

Going back through the woods, she didn't linger. Some-
nes she would hop, then she would skip, and then again
he'd run. It did not take long for her to come to the edge
f the woods and out into the sun. At home once again,
he turned on the yard faucet and took a long drink. She
tuck first one foot and then the other under the pouring
water and wiggled her toes in the soft, wet mud.

She felt a cool breeze and held her arms out to it. She
urned around fast, letting it lift her skirt, and then sat
own right where she was and looked up at the sky. Think-
ng she felt a drop of rain on her forehead, she put a tan
alm up toward the heavens. The drops fell faster and more
venly. Finally there was a steady pour, and Jessie Sue got
p. Hearing a shout, she turned and saw Sam and Little
o, with Daddy close behind, running toward the house.
She went up on the porch and sat down to wait.

Broadway Singer

MARY BROOKS YARBOROUGH

The irradiant spotlight is my sun,
To me no darkness but day.

I live in the world of musical comedy,
the world of the stage,
the world of

cues and curtains calls,
moaning, melancholy songs,
jolting rhythms of dancers,
trained lithe bodies,
rasping, straining voices;
the world of

make-up and smiles and wide-open eyes
for the front,
wrinkles and frowns and drooping eyes
behind the curtain;
the world of

pounding music of infinite melodies,
planned jokes,
tenseness, relieved only by performing;
the world of

compelling fascination for
that alive darkness
filling the fading rows—
that unseen blackness
that coughs and scrapes feet
and laughs and claps and pays,
ruled by the gods of review
who illumine your name
or obscure it;
the world of

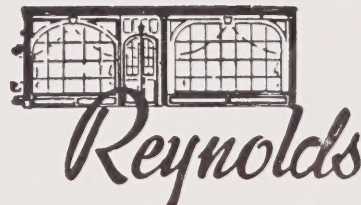
agents and try-outs and routines,
call-boards and coffee breaks,
energy, exhaustion,
ambition,

and that indefinable power called talent!

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